

The BROAD AX

HEW TO THE LINE; LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY

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No. 3

The Hon. Thomas Wallace Swann, Secretary of the Illinois State Commission Indicted Three Times by the Cook County Grand Jury

HE IS CHARGED WITH ASSAULT AND BATTERY AND CONSPIRACY, AND HIS BONDS IN THE THREE CASES AMOUNT TO \$3,100. JUDGE THEODORE BRENTANO IN THE FIRST BRANCH OF THE CRIMINAL COURT DENIED A MOTION LAST SATURDAY TO QUASH THE INDICTMENTS AGAINST MR. SWANN.

AND HE WILL BE PUT ON TRIAL BEFORE JUDGE RICHARD S. TUTTILL IN THE SECOND BRANCH OF THE CRIMINAL COURT IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

WILL THE SIGN OF THE CROSS PREVENT MR. SWANN FROM BEING CONVICTED? AND IF HE IS CONVICTED AND SENT TO THE PEN AT JOLIET, WILL GOVERNOR DUNNE REACH OUT HIS HAND AND PARDON HIM?

WITH THESE INDICTMENTS HANGING OVER HIM AND WITH SOME KIND OF TROUBLE HANGING OVER HIS HEAD AT GARY OR HAMMOND, IND., SO IT IS CLAIMED.

SOME OF THE WIVES OF THE HEAD OFFICERS OF THE EIGHTH REGIMENT, ILLINOIS NATIONAL GUARD, IN CAMP THE PAST SUMMER FELT HIGHLY HONORED TO HAVE MR. SWANN TO ESCORT THEM AROUND.

THERE IS ONLY ONE MANLY COURSE FOR GOVERNOR EDWARD F. DUNNE TO ADHERE TO AND THAT IS TO CALL FOR THE RESIGNATIONS OF THE HON. THOMAS WALLACE SWANN AND THE REV. HON. ARCHIBALD JACKSON CAREY, PH. D. D. D., AND REMOVE THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMISSION FROM INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH.

It has been honestly and truthfully stated in these columns many times before, namely, that we hold no malice nor bitterness nor ill-feeling against the Honorable Thomas Wallace Swann, but if we should be ushered into the next world in the twinkling of an eye with all of our imperfections resting on our head we would still be firm or steadfast in our contention that Mr. Swann has no moral right to arrogate unto himself the absolute or the true leadership of all the Afro-Americans within the confines of Illinois.

From no point of view does he possess the slightest qualifications which entitles him to hold himself out as a leader of men, for he has no control over himself and again no sane or sensible man would ever attempt to aspire to become a leader of men who has not the slightest conception of the eternal fitness of things, who is ever ready to transform himself into a dead tough or rough and tumble prizefighter—one who entertains the idea that the only way to lead or to handle men is to rule over them with brute force and that it is eminently right and proper to pull your revolver and threaten to shoot them down on the slightest provocation if they should fail to dance to your music.

Right at this point it may not be out of place to remind Mr. Swann that there are two important things that he should remember to the end of his time here on this old earth, and that is that his uncontrollable temper has at last brought him face to face with doing or serving time behind the bars either in the Cook County jail or behind the bars in the pen at Joliet, Illinois, and that every time that he scores a point against the right he simply loads the dice against himself.

The present trouble confronting Mr. Swann in the Criminal Court of Cook County started back in 1911, and it has been hanging fire from that time to the present.

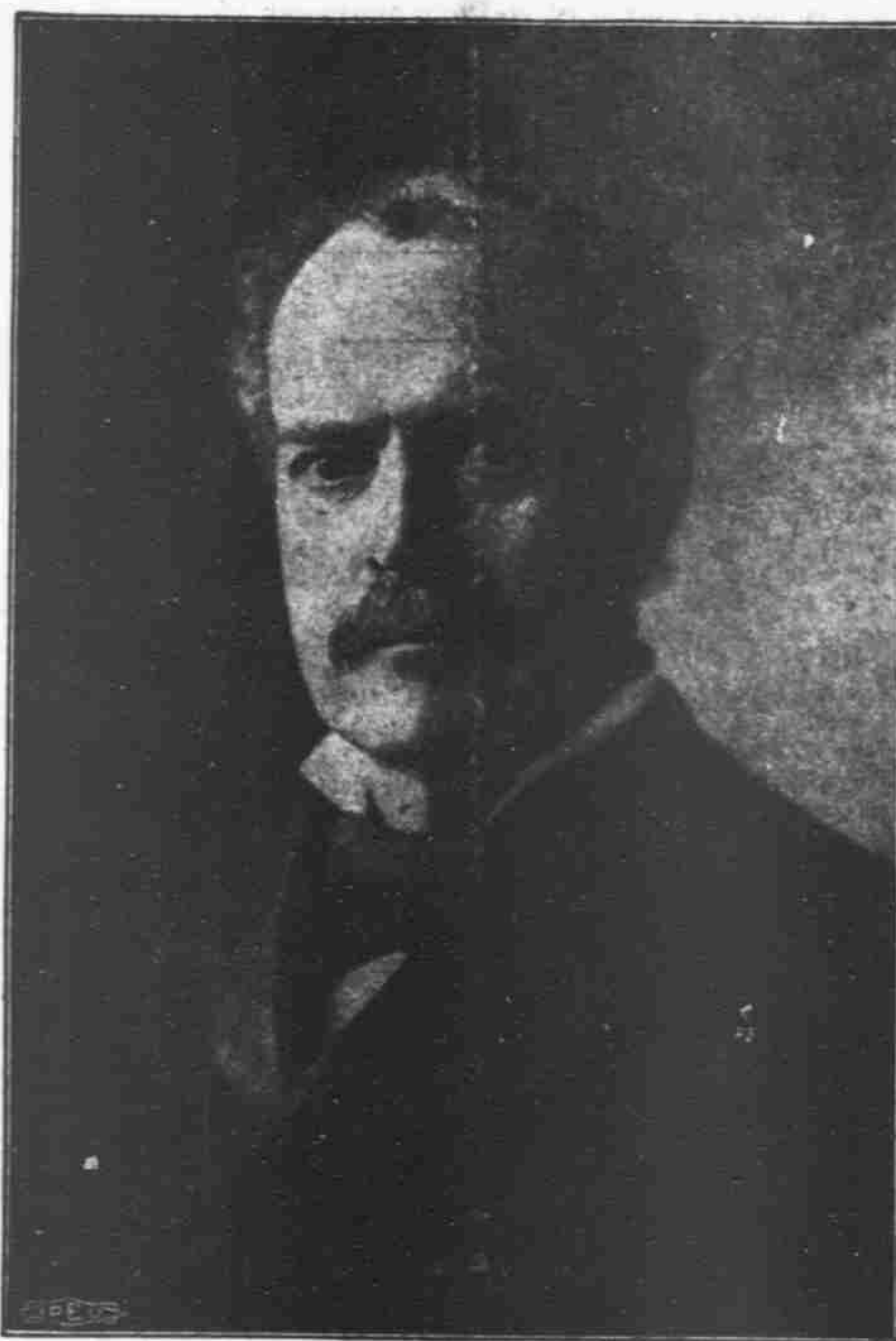
It appears, according to the indictments which have been running against him all that time that he started out fully determined to assist to defeat the ends of justice, the true story in connection with his indictments runs something like this: In the fall of 1910 Mrs. Ella Martin and her sister, Mrs.

Birdie Parish, rented a house from Jesse Binga at 3638 Forest avenue, and for some cause or other he was unable to collect any rent from them. Finally, in a gentlemanly way he resorted to the Municipal Court in order to regain possession of his property, and at the time he secured judgment against them in the aforesaid court they owed him fifteen months' rent and on May 25th, 1911, the officers of the law entered their home where they had enjoyed free rent for a long time, and in a lawful manner removed all of their furniture and other fixings out on the sidewalk where they remained piled up until May 30th, and on that date it is charged in the indictment that the Hon. Thomas Wallace Swann who at that time wanted to become the head political boss of Gary, Ind., and of this city and a number of prize-fighting or dead tough men hailing from the First ward, wended their way to the house in question; that they made a mad or wild murderous rush for the door; that they broke it open; that they assaulted Harry Smith, whom Mr. Binga had placed in charge of the house, and that they moved everything belonging to Mrs. Martin and to Mrs. Parish back into the house where they again resided for some time without paying any rent.

On July 15, 1911, the Cook County grand jury returned indictments against Mrs. Ella Martin, Mrs. Birdie Parish and Messrs. Swann and Martin. Mr. Swann in the three indictments is charged with assault and battery and with conspiring to defeat the ends of justice and Mrs. Laura Beasley, residing at 3245 Forest avenue, and Adam Lewewky, who resides in South Chicago, signed his bond for \$3,100.

On last Saturday a motion was made before Judge Theodore Brentano sitting in the first branch of the Criminal Court, to quash the indictments running against Mr. Swann, but the motion was denied or overruled and he will be forced to trial before Judge Richard S. Tutill in the second branch of the Criminal Court in the near future.

The burning question which is uppermost in the minds of many people is simply this, Will the sign of the cross prevent Mr. Swann from being



HON. EDWARD F. DUNNE.

The great Democratic Governor of this state who labors under the hallucination that he has greatly honored the Afro-Americans residing in the middle west, by selecting the Hon. Thomas Wallace Swann, Secretary of the Illinois State Commission who has three indictments hanging over his head in the Criminal Court of Cook County.

convicted of these charges in the criminal court of Cook County? And if he is convicted and sent to the pen at Joliet, will Governor Dunne reach out his hand or strong arm and pardon him, so that he can continue to serve as the secretary of the Illinois State Commission?

Another pause for a reply! With these three indictments hanging over him here in Cook County and with some kind of trouble so they claim hanging over his head at Gary or Hammond, Ind., some of the wives of the head officers of the Eighth Regiment, Illinois National Guards, in camp at Springfield the past summer felt highly honored to have Mr. Swann escort them around and he was by far the social lion on that occasion. He succeeded in making the majors and colonels believe that he stood so close to Governor Dunne, and was so powerful that he could have them unstripped of their shoulder straps and so on, or words to the same effect, and like the fair ladies of the regiment, they were ready and willing to pay homage to him.

There is only one manly course for Gov. Dunne to pursue and that is to call for the resignations of the Hon. Thomas Wallace Swann and the Rev. Hon. Archibald Jackson Carey, Ph. D., D. D., and remove the headquarters of the commission from the Institutional church.

DEATH OF "PONY" MOORE, THE FORMER LORD MAYOR OF THE RED LIGHT DISTRICT OF CHICAGO.

Col. "Pony" Moore, who was one of the best known men among the sporting fraternity throughout the United States, passed away last week at Austin, Texas, and was buried in that city Friday, October 10.

Continued strokes of paralysis was his final undoing.

At one time Mr. Moore was the Lord Mayor of the "Red Light" district on the South side in this city, and his word was law in every respect, and the sporting element of both classes flocked to his palace de hotel Moore, or Turf Exchange, which was located on Twenty-first street between State and Dearborn streets, where he made a barrel of money. He resided with his family in a fine home at 3314 Columbus avenue.

Later on, he opened up the Palace

Theater on Thirty-first street, near Dearborn. Then he became involved in long and expensive litigation with the writer which caused him to lose his home and all his other visible property, finally separating from his wife, whose life he endeavored to end this spring, disfiguring her face, and she can never recover from its effects! Being ordered to leave the city, as his wife did not wish to prosecute him, he went to his old home, the scenes of his boyhood days, Austin, Texas, where he passed on into the great beyond.

Possessing no money and not many true friends to mourn his loss. He had a most remarkable career. Peace to his ashes!

EDITOR OF THE BROAD AX IS A SPICY WRITER.

No one can read the Chicago Broad Ax without coming to the conclusion that the editor, Mr. Julius F. Taylor, is a brave and spicy writer. He seems to be a man of settled convictions. He knows what to say and how to say it. The Editor is a kin to our old friend, John Mitchell, Jr., the Editor of the Richmond Planet. He is a hard fighter and this he does with a relentless zeal. He never gets tired and the track never gets too cold when he thinks he is right.—The Baptist Reporter, Jackson, Mississippi, October 10, 1913.

MRS. ROSA MORGAN, THE FASHIONABLE MILLINER, WILL SELL TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS AT CUT RATE PRICES EACH MONDAY.

Mrs. Rosa Morgan, 3709 S. State Street, the popular and fashionable milliner, will from now until the close of the season, sell the latest and most stylish trimmed and untrimmed hats at cut rate prices each Monday.

Now is the time for the ladies to secure the latest creations in headgear at bargain prices.

Miss Lucille Peyton, 3514 Prairie Avenue, is now enrolled as a student at the National Training School, Lincoln Heights, Washington, D. C. Miss Peyton is taking a post graduate course in dressmaking and will return to Chicago in June, 1914.

Judge Marcus Kavanagh Delivered an Eloquent Oration or Plea Last Saturday Afternoon Before the Irish Fellowship Club

ON "THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO." HE PLEADED FOR EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE FOR MEN OF EVERY RACE AND ESPECIALLY FOR THE COLORED MAN.

HE LAID DOWN THREE STRONG AND FUNDAMENTAL PROPOSITIONS, NAMELY, "FIRST, THAT WE MUST TRY TO RID OURSELVES OF UNJUST PREJUDICES AGAINST THE NEGRO, THAT HEAVY TASK ACCOMPLISHED; SECOND, THAT WE STRIVE TO INFLUENCE OUR FELLOW CITIZENS IN THE SAME DIRECTION.

"THIRD, THAT WE SHALL ENDEAVOR TO OBTAIN A NATIONAL COMMISSION COMPOSED MOSTLY OF WHITE MEN, NORTH AND SOUTH, TO TAKE EVIDENCE AND DEVISE REMEDIES FOR THIS IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION."

Among the many grave problems pressing upon this people there is, it seems to me, one neglected question of crying importance: How much have we freed the Negro? The other-day a semi-professional concern advertised for a Negro girl cashier. There were sixty-four applications for that one position. The majority of the girls who applied had high school education—because the Negro will make the most pitiable sacrifices to give his children learning—these were neatly dressed, modest appearing and intelligent. The one who succeeded had made fifty-two other fruitless efforts to get a position. I do not like to let my mind follow the sixty-three unsuccessful young girls in the weary, heart-breaking search they are still pursuing; and yet, it will be demanded of these young women that, behind their dark, humiliated cheeks they keep white souls burning. To their infinite credit most of them will. This instance illustrates the attitude of the American public towards the Negro. Let a black man get work of equal rank among white brickmasons, electricians, clerks, bookkeepers, and what happens? Every white employe will quit the job as though the place has been covered by a pestilence. There is not a great store in Chicago that dare put a Negro clerk behind its counters, no matter how competent he may be. There is not a street railway that dares to put a Negro to work on one of its cars. The every day story of a Negro hunting a house in which to live is filled with burning humiliation and injustice. And yet, the Negro of pure African blood is rare, many of them are almost white—oppressed with white men's brains, cursed with white men's hearts, hopelessly consumed with white men's ideals and aspirations.

I ask you this afternoon to put yourselves and your families in the place of an honest, respectable Negro, with his own wife and little children. To do that you will have to crush out all the strongest yearnings and highest longings of your hearts. Then see what a dismal place you have made of it. Think for a minute that your little children, no matter how wise they may become, or how good they shall remain, must never hope for public esteem or general honor. What incentive remains behind your darkened lives? When we complain of the Negro we should remember that one cannot measure the capabilities of a race by its lowest members, but by the attainments of its very highest. We have pushed the Negro out into freedom. Free to do what? To become a porter in a saloon, or a waiter in a dining car. Which was better, the drugged contentment of the slave, or the hopeless, endless humiliation and burning subjection of the freedmen? If the Negro may not use his education it is a cruelty to educate him. If he may not use his freedom it was a crime

to set him free. Still he has progressed wonderfully. The general social and intellectual condition of the American Negro in the North today is vastly superior to that of the white inhabitant of any civilized country in the seventeenth century. Yet, three generations ago he was a slave, a chattel, a thing. Notwithstanding this, it was essential to slavery that the slave should feel himself physically and mentally a slave. Generation after generation this idea was ground into his soul. Let the general community today unite in its estimate as to any of us, and imperceptibly we will sink or rise to the limits of that estimate. If we brutalize a man, we have no right to complain when he acts like a brute. To begin making a man respectable we must commence respecting him—to keep him honorable it is often necessary to honor him.

Do you realize that in spite of this handicap there are Negro homes in Chicago, and not a few of them, the equals in actual refinement to almost any white man's? Have you considered that there are working in this Republic black men and not a few, in the various professions that are the equals intelligently, and in many cases the superiors of their competitors? One of the best lawyers in Chicago is a Negro and a rich man besides. The polite learning of the ages is familiar to him. He loves the best pictures and knows the finest music, but he may not take one meal in any decent restaurant. Suppose that man were to come in here today and sit at the table with us—do you care to analyze your feelings towards him? And yet, the Bishop on his silken chair, the splendid old Pope on his ancient throne is not nearer to God's great care and affection than this world exiled Negro. So embittered has this man grown against his country and even against his own race that there is no light left in the world for him. All this through no fault of his own, mind you, not because of anything he has done to us, but because of what God did to him. The only right way for you to judge a man is for you to put yourself in his place. Put yourself in that man's place! The problem is not dying out—every year it increases in intensity.

In 1790 there were less than 800,000 Negroes in this country; in 1860 more than four millions; today every tenth person in the Republic is a Negro, and his ratio of increase during the last decade was eleven per cent. They will tell you in the South they have settled the Negro problem. They have not even begun to realize its awful importance to them. Terrorism never yet settled anything permanently. Only cold, hard justice can do that. The Negro's intelligence is growing in the South and hastening there to an awful moment when the two races shall stand

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